¶ A treatyse declarynge the despyte of a secrete sedy-
eyous person/that dareth not shewe hym selfe.

Qui male agit odit lucē. Jo .3.

¶ This doyngs amōge trewe men/shuld not be had in place
That feareth to tell his name/& shameth to shewe his face.

Why I thus do wryte/is greatlye to be mused
But before I departe/It shall appere more playne
Beseechynge all honest men/to haue me excused
Thoughe(as no lasse bounden) I do seme very fayne
By verye to vaynquysshe malyuole dysdayne
Force me so forceth/and wylleth me to wryte
Truely for the truths sake and nothynge for despyte

¶ And nowe briefly to my purpose/the effecte is thys
Of late I wrote two lybelles/not thynkynge to offende
But perceyuynge amonge vs thynges to be amys
Styll stryrynge and procurynge vs lewdly to contende
Of suche indecent ordre/I desyred the ende
For the whych cause onely/I toke on me to wryte
Truely for the truethys sake/and nothynge for despyte

Obsequiū amicos litag odiū parit. Tirentius

¶ But nowe I well perceaue/I rubbed some on the gall
Whiche causeth them to grunte/and ernestly to grone
Wel,(be as be maye) I can not do with all
It wyll not from the flesshe/that is rooted in the bone
For my true maenynge/some shewe theym selfe full prone
By sclaunder to deface me/wu hall theyr power & myght
Nothynge for the truethys sake/but all for mad despyte

Holes litatē dicētes a malis odio habē tur. Ad gal. 4

¶ They name me a pappyste/and saye/I do not loue
None other but Pappystes/and men of poppysshe mynde
The trewe tryall wherof/I referre to God aboue
And consequently to others/what they can proue & fynde
O man malycyous/that woldest so fayne blynde
The good intentes of others/which truely do and wryte
Labourynge theyr destruccion/through serpētyne despyte

Qui loquit iniqua nō potest latere,nec pteriet illū cozripiēs iudiciū. Sap.i.

¶ If iustely you can proue/as you declare in wryteynge
That I loue none,but papistes,thā may you wel maytain
Me to be a traytour/both to God/and our good kynge
To the iuste tryall of the whiche/I woll dryue you playne
For you it is to late/to call in your wordes agayne
Though as a lurkyng lozrel/your name you woll not wite
Bothe you shalbe knowen/and your deuelysshe despyte

Nōrte digni cū nō solū q̄ ea faciūt sed & tiā q̄ cōsētiūt facientib⁹, Ad Roma.i.

¶ If you haue knowen/any such treason to be in me
Then you in your dewtye/haue bene very negligent
The parte of euery true hert/towardes his kynge shuld be
what he knoweth against his grace/furthw to make enydēt
Whe conceleth others treason/as a traytour doth consent
Wherfore this your doyng/may appere/to eche mās syght
Nothynge for the truethes sake/but all for lewde despyte

¶ you declare furthermore/that lately I rebelled
Agaynst the kynges maiestye/and his councell all
For the whiche sclaunder/I am greatly compelled
Before the hygher powers/this matter for to call
Dis qui facit iusticiā ex deo natꝰ ē.i. Jo.ij

As surely I woll do/doubte you it not at all
At whose handes I woll aske/but iustyce and ryght
Specyally for the truethes sake/& nothynge for despyte.

yet Cathō ỹ wyse/doth teach me/& byddeth me not to care
So as my lyfe be honest/let the wycked saye theyr mynde
We can not forbyd mēs speche/wherfore let thē not spare
Nature in euery thynge/woll shewe her proper kynde
Whiche to be proued true/is easy ynough to fynde
In that/that you haue done/sparynge not to wryte
Nothyng for the truthes sake/but all for mad despyte

Cū recte viuere curas ne cures ōba malox Arbytriū nūi nō ē quod q̄s loquatur. Cato.

¶ That/wherew̄ you be greued/is alwayes forth cōmyng
My name playnely therunto/I woll it not denye
And I redy to be punysshed/for suche my doynge
If I haue so deserued/and can be founde cause why
Wherfore you be moche to blame/so to raple and crye
Openly detractynge me/agaynst all lawe and ryght
As I am/I woll be knowen/so shalbe your despyte

Quare nō i multis detrahere seruo meo. Nu.x.

¶ I could say some what more, but I mynde not to cōtende
As the tree by her fruytes/is alwayes chyefely knowen
So I doubte not/by your workes/before this mater ende
you shalbe well perceaued/& what blastes you haue blowē
And what kyndes of sede/euery other man hath sowen
Wherfore I do aduyse you/be sure you stande vpryght
I doubte not to ouerthrowe you/in your owne despyte.

Ex fructib⁹ eoꝝ cognoscetis eos. Ma. vij.
In insidijs suis capiūt iustos qui. Prou.x.

¶ your boke doth opē mater/not mete I shold here touche
But within shorte tyme/it shall shewe it selfe more playne
your doynges well declare/how in herte you styll grouche
And agaynst whō,because you can not youre wyll obtayne
your malice doth so blynd you/& byddeth you not refrayne
But throughly to procede/blusteryng with force & myght
Forgettynge cleane your dewtye/and all for mad despyte

Tēpi seruitudō est. ad Romanos.xiij.
Malicia eoꝝ excecauit eos Sapien.ii.

¶ And now to conclude/O Dauyd holy prophet & kynge
Unto god omnipotente/moste hyghe and eternall
In Psalmyst here with the/wyll I crye and synge
Judge thou me(o Lorde)that arte iudge ouer all
Discerne thou my cause/and let me to the call
To be ryddē frō the wycked/which labour day & nyght
Thy verye to vanquysshe by deceytfull despyte

iudica me deus & discerne causā meā de gente nō scta abhoie iniquo & doloso erue me. Psal.xlij

¶ And as thou arte Lorde of lordes & kynge of kynges
Preserue our noble kynge/our moost precyous treasure
With Katherine our Quene, & graūt ỹ theyr procedynges
In longe lyfe maye prosper/vnto thy wyll and pleasure
And to Edwarde our Prynce/that moste redolent floure
Infuse in theym thy grace/and helpe we maye be quyte
Of these sectes sedycyous/so swellynge in despyte

¶ God saue the kynge.

Qui male agit odit lucē. Joh.iii

His doynges among trew men/shuld not be had in place
That feareth to tell his name & shameth to shewe his face

¶ By Thomas Smythe,seruaunt to the kynges Royall Maiestye
And clerke of the Quenes graces councel(thoughe moost vnworthy.

¶ Imprynted at Londō in Pater noster rowe,at ỹ sygne of our lady pytye by Johñ Redman/ ad imprimendum solum.